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CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

A

BOOK OF PRAYERS AND HYMNS

FOR THE

CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LVIII.

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Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we also forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light. There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God. Let us labor to enter into that rest.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Even the youths shall faint and be

weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God? He hath showed thee what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God? If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship Him. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

I say unto you that in this place is one greater than the temple. Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

EXHORTATION.

Dearly beloved children, the God who made us and who gives us our daily bread and all things richly to enjoy, in the blessed gospel of His Son has declared it to be His will, that we should thank Him for the blessings which we receive, and pray to Him for those which we may need. We ought, at all times, to obey His will with cheerfulness and delight. And as we are now about to approach the throne of His mercy, we should remember that He will be pleased with no prayer which does not flow from the heart. We should, therefore, endeavor, when we repeat the words with our lips, to feel in our souls what they express. We should allow no vain or foolish thought to rest within us. We should believe that those things which we ask for, in the name of Jesus Christ, we shall receive, if proper for us. Come, then, dear children, and lift up your souls unto God, their Author. Accompany me, with a pure heart and humble voice, unto the throne of the Heavenly Grace — saying after me.

Prayer, *for First Sunday.*

Our Father, who art in heaven, Thou art our kindest and best Friend. Thou hast given us our parents and guardians, our food and raiment, and all our comforts. We desire to love Thee more, and to obey Thee better. May we possess gentle dispositions and grateful hearts. Wilt Thou enable us more fully to know and more uniformly to do Thy will!

Gracious Lord, wilt Thou be with us while together in this place! May we be made wiser and holier by the instructions which we shall receive, To the praise of Thy mercy in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Lesson, *for First Sunday.*

The Lord is full of compassion, slow to anger, and rich in mercy.

The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works.

All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy servants bless Thee.

They speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and talk of Thy power;

To make known to the sons of men Thy mighty deeds, and the glorious majesty of Thy kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and lifteth up all that are bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season.

The Lord is righteous in all His ways, and holy in all His works.

The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him; to all that call upon Him faithfully.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him, He also will hear their cry, and will help them.

The Lord preserveth all that love Him; but scattereth abroad all the ungodly.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord, and let all flesh bless His holy name forever. Amen.

PRAYER, *for Second Sunday.*

O holy and merciful God, We rejoice that we may call Thee our Father, That we may look up to Thee as children whom Thou lovest, And may ask of Thee every favor and blessing that can make us truly happy. O Lord, we pray Thee,

show Thy mercy upon us; And grant us Thy salvation. O God, make clean our hearts within us; And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us. Make us all more worthy of Thy love. In these days of our youth may we remember Thee, our Creator; And delight to raise our feeble thoughts to heaven. May we think of our blessed Teacher and Saviour with warm affection; And all love one another as He loved us; And all go and live with Him in heaven, world without end. Amen.

Lesson, *for Second Sunday.*

Come ye children and hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that loveth life, and desireth many days in which he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile; depart from evil and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

Thy goodness, O Lord, reacheth unto the Heavens, and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds.

Thy righteousness standeth like the strong mountains; Thy judgments are a great deep.

How excellent is Thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.

O continue Thy loving kindness unto them that know Thee, and Thy righteousness unto them that are true of heart.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,

Be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

Prayer, *for Third Sunday.*

O Lord our heavenly Father, Thou hast taught us that Thou knowest all things. Though we cannot see Thee, yet Thou always seest us. When we do wrong in the dark or in the light, Thine eye is upon us; And when we try to raise our thoughts so as to think of Thee, Thou knowest it and art well pleased. We desire to know more about Thee and Thy love. Wilt Thou teach our teachers, That they may tell us what we ought to do to please Thee. May we always love every thing that Thou dost, And never wish

for any thing Thou shall not think best for us. May we obey Thee like good children, and so be happy forever. May we feel now and at all times, how pleasant it is for children to dwell together in harmony, And may the peace and love of our Lord and Saviour be with us all evermore. Amen.

Lesson, *for Third Sunday.*

O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me; Thou knowest my down sitting, and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thoughts afar off.

Thou compassest my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For lo, there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in the grave, behold, Thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and light are both alike to Thee.

How dear are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! O how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them they are more in number than the sand; when I awake, I am still with Thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

God be merciful unto us and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us. Amen.

Prayer, *for Fourth Sunday.*

O Lord our God, Father Almighty! We thank Thee that Thou hast made us and placed us in this world, And given us so many things to make us contented and happy. All that we

have, O God, is Thy gift. Even our little crosses and sorrows are ordained of Thee in kindness. Whenever Thou takest from us any pleasure, may we feel that Thou dost it for our good, And cheerfully submit to Thy holy will. May we be truly sorrow for every thing which we have thought, or said, or done amiss, And never do so again. May we always love the Sabbath School and our Teachers, And try to remember what we learn here. May we grow wiser and better every time we meet in this place. As we increase in years, may we increase in favor with God and man, Like our dear Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

LESSON, *for Fourth Sunday.*

Blessed are the poor in spirit: For theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: For they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: For they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: For they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: For they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: For they shall see God. Blessed are the peace makers: For they shall be called the children of God.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy:

But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you:

That ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven: for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you;

That where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.

To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ forever. Amen.

Prayer, *for Fifth Sunday.*

O God, our heavenly Protector, We bless Thee that Thou hast preserved our lives to this day; And that Thou hast directed our steps to this place. We thank Thee that we are here taught the knowledge of a heavenly Father and a holy Saviour. We praise Thee, we give thanks unto Thee, O God, That Thou didst send the Son of Thy love into this world, To guide our erring footsteps into the way of life. We rejoice that He showed such an affection for little children, That He tenderly took them in His arms and blessed them, And would have them all come to Him in His heavenly kingdom. May we all try to be like Him, "meek and lowly in heart." May we remember that we must all die, And that if we are good, Jesus will take us in His arms again, and make us live forever. God of mercy, wilt Thou bless our dear parents and all our friends, Our minister, our teachers, and all schools like ours. Forgive us our trespasses as we also forgive those who trespass against us, And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil, For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever. Amen.

Lesson, *for Fifth Sunday.*

My son, give me thy heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways.

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth: a stranger and not thine own lips.

Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich.

Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son, but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.

Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Then were brought unto Him little children, that He should put His hands on them and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

But Jesus said, suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we

have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

And now, little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

If ye know that He is righteous, ye know that every one that doeth righteousness is born of Him.

Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you. Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

SOURCE of all light and truth, Who didst send Thy Son Jesus Christ into the world, That the world through Him might be saved, Grant that the light of His doctrine and life may shine into our hearts, And dispel our darkness, And direct our steps, And lead us to Thy heavenly kingdom; So may we born of God, Children of Thy adoption and grace. Amen.

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said: Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall

find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Blessed are the people who know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance;

Through the tender mercies of our God, whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us;

To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet in the way of peace.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

There is sprung up a light for the righteous, and joyful gladness for such as are true of heart.

Sing unto the Lord, and praise His name; be telling of His salvation from day to day.

Let all those who seek Him be joyful and

glad in Him, and let all such as love His salvation say always: The Lord be praised.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God;

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, forever and ever. Amen.

EASTER.

Our heavenly Father, By whose power Thy Son Jesus Christ hath overcome death, And opened unto us the gates of eternal life; Grant that we, Thy children, Having this hope, may purify ourselves, even as He is pure, That so we may always serve Thee in pureness of living and truth, And that among the manifold changes of the world, Our hearts may surely there be fixed, Where true joys are to be found. Amen.

Upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, They came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared.

And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre.

And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments;

And as they were afraid, and bowed their faces to the earth, they said unto them:

Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.

Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.

Christ being raised from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Let us keep the feast not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

This is the day which the Lord has made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Thou art my God, and I will thank Thee; Thou art my God, and I will praise Thee.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God;

Be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, forever and ever. Amen.

A PRAYER *to be used in case of the* DANGEROUS ILLNESS *of a member of the School.*

O Most Merciful God, Thou dost not willingly afflict or grieve any of Thy children, But visitest them with pain and trouble only for the good of those who are exercised thereby.

Look down we beseech Thee upon that dear one of our number, Now detained from this place by sickness. In mercy spare Thou *his* life, And raise *him* up in health, To the joy of *his* parents and of us all. Thou canst speak the word, and the child shall live, and come up hither again, to talk of Thy loving kindness and great mercy. But if Thou shalt take *him* away from us by this visitation, Take *him* we pray Thee to a better and happier state, Even Thine heavenly kingdom, Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then cometh Jesus with them to a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto His disciples: Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.

And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.

Then saith He unto them; My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

And He went a little farther, and prayed saying: O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

He maketh sore, and bindeth up; He woundeth and His hands make whole.

Though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion; for He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.

My flesh and my heart fail; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever. Amen

A PRAYER *to be used in case of the* DEATH *of a member of the School.*

ALMIGHTY and Most Merciful God, In Thy wisdom, Thou hast called back the spirit of one of our dear associates to Thyself, And laid *his* body low in the dust. May we believe that all this is well; that although Thou hast taken *him* from us, And we can never more behold *his* face on the earth, Yet if we love Thee with all our heart, Thou wilt bring us where *he* is gone, And make us rejoice together forever and ever. May we all think of death as the road to heaven, Over which our Saviour passed, Throwing upon its darkness a bright and cheering light.

May we find comfort when we part with innocent and virtuous friends, In the hope of a re-union with them hereafter, which shall be everlasting. May we be truly grateful to Jesus Christ our Redeemer, who hath brought life and immortality to light, And finally be raised to a seat at Thy right hand, Where we may dwell

with Thee, And give praise to Thee, forevermore. Amen.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for He chastens us not for His pleasure, but for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby.

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the wind of the Lord bloweth upon it.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to bind up the broken hearted, to comfort all that mourn; to give gladness unto them that mourn in Zion, to

give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

I heard the voice of Jesus, saying: Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory.

O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?

Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy name, Thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy Truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen.

HYMNS.

INVOCATION.

6 & 4 s. M. **1.**

"Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory."

1 Come, Thou Almighty King!
Help us Thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, Thou all-gracious Lord!
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy children bless;
Give Thy good word success;
Make Thine own holiness
On us descend!

3 Never from us depart;
Rule Thou in every heart
Hence evermore!

Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

6 & 4 s. M.

2.

"Let there be light."

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel ray
Sheds not its glorious day,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
"Let there be light!"

3 Descend Thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on Thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Bearer of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light!"

MORNING AND EVENING.

C. M. **3.** WATTS.

"Let them that love Him be as the sun, when he goeth forth in his might."

1 My God, who mak'st the sun to know
His proper hour to rise;
And, to give light to all below,
Dost send him round the skies; —

2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

4 Give me, O Lord, Thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

C. M. **4.** St. Ambrose.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."

1 Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That He, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
Securely keep, O God,
Our hearts, beleaguered by the foe
That tempts our every road.

4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

C. M. **5.** Watts.

"Every morning doth He bring His judgment to light; He faileth not."

1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To God, who rules the skies.

2 This day Thy favoring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply, —
And I that hand adore!

3 If bliss Thy providence impart,
For which, resigned, I pray,
Give me to feel a grateful heart,
And, without guilt be gay.

4 Affliction should Thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that blessed end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the past;
That, at the whole of life's survey,
Peace may be mine at last.

L. M. 6. PIERPONT.

"I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."

1 O God, I thank Thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away;
And that I see in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

2 Be Thou my Guide, and let me live
As under Thine all-seeing eye:
Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
And make me happy when I die.

L. M. **7.** Bp. Kenn.

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

1 Glory to Thee my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, through Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 O, may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him, ye angels round His throne;
Praise God, the High and Holy One.

L. M. **8.** Watts.

"The night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His name forbids my fear;
O, may Thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

L. M. 9. PIERPONT.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

1 ANOTHER day its course hath run,
And still, O God! Thy child is blest;
For Thou hast been by day my sun,
And Thou wilt be by night my rest.

2 Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close;
And now when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

L. M. **10.** KEBLE.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

1 'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take:
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

8 & 7 s. M. **11.** FLINT.

"Let my prayer be as the evening sacrifice."

1 ON the dewy breath of even
Thousand odors mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,
Nature's evening sacrifice.

2 With her fragrant offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To Thy throne, O Lord, ascending, —
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

3 Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let Thine eye that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

4 Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

L. M. **12.** BREVIARY.

"The Lord will command His lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life."

1 THROUGHOUT the hours of darkness dim,
Still let us watch and raise the hymn;
And in deep midnight's awful calm,
Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm.

2 Amid the silence, else so drear,
Think the Almighty leans to hear;
Well pleased to list at such a time,
The wakeful heart in praise sublime.

3 Still watch and pray and raise the hymn,
Throughout the hours of darkness dim!
God will not spurn the humblest guest,
But give us of His holy rest.

L. M. **13.** WORDSWORTH.

"Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet. For the Lord shall be thy confidence."

1 Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of prayer at early morn,
And He accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

2 Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already through his course hath run;
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

3 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from Thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course.

4 Help with Thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify us for the west
When we shall sink to final rest.

7 s. M. **14.** FURNESS.

"Even the night shall be light about me."
"The entrance of Thy words giveth light."

1 SLOWLY by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O, how still
Is the working of His will!

2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

L. M. **15.** C. A. B.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O most High! To show forth Thy lovingkindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night."

1 GOD of the morning and the night,
Morning and night Thy mercies bring;
Our mornings, of Thy face the light,
Our evenings, shadows of Thy wing.

2 Life's morn and eve Thy light and shade;
Our being wakes to sleep at death,
Till dawn of endless day be made
For us to draw immortal breath.

LORD'S DAY.

C. M.

16.

"The Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

1 Blest day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising did thee raise;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they who do the Sabbath love
A happy week will find.

8 & 7 s. M. **17.** J. TAYLOR.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?"

1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined.
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still Thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to Thy laws, —
Lord! with favor still attend us,
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

6 l. 7 s. M. 18. NEWTON.

"Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day, —
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Through our lives, our praise demand;
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by Thy hand.
Yet ungrateful we have been,
Paying back these gifts with sin.

3 Lord, we pray for pardoning grace,
In our dear Redeemer's name;
Sin remove, and in its place
Give us virtue's purest flame;
Thus, from all our sins set free,
May we rest at last with Thee.

S. M. 19. E. TAYLOR.

"We have thought of Thy lovingkindness, O God, in the midst of Thy temple."

1 COME to the place of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In grateful homage bow.

2 Ye young, before His throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts His praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

3 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call.

4 Up to Thy dwelling place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

8 s. & 7 s. M.

20.

"I must work the works of Him who sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work."

1 Welcome, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the Sabbath morn returning,
Says a week has passed away.
Let me think how time is passing;
Soon the longest life departs!
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
Makes our purest happiness;
Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
Earth's poor trifles to possess.

Swift my life's vain dreams are passing;
Like the startled dove they fly;
Or the clouds each other chasing,
Over yonder quiet sky.

3 Father, now one prayer I raise Thee;
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise Thee, —
Never from Thy fear depart.
Then, when years are gathered o'er me,
And the world is sunk in shade,
Heaven's bright realm will rise before me,
There my treasure will be laid.

L. M.

21.

"Lead me in Thy truth and teach me; for Thou art the God of my salvation."

1 Father in heaven, Thy ceaseless love
Has brought us to this holy day;
Blest with Thy kindness from above,
Another week has passed away.

2 Grant us, O Lord! a grateful heart
To feel Thy goodness and obey;
Ne'er may we from Thy love depart,
Ne'er may we leave Thy heavenly way.

3 Grant us, this day, a willing mind
To learn what Thou would'st have us do,
And how we may Thy favor find,
And love and serve each other too!

4 Thy happy children may we live,
Thy happy children may we die;
To all may God, our Father, give
A home of peace beyond the sky.

C. M.

22.

"The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way."

1 O LORD, another week has flown,
And we, a youthful band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt, for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, Thou Thy smiles will deign,
As we before Thee pray:
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are weak as they.

4 O let Thy grace perform its part,
And bid our passions cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

5 Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

L. M.

23.

"In the congregations will I bless the Lord."

1 Our Father, here again we raise
To Thee our morning hymn of praise,
For all the joys Thy smiles afford,
This sacred day, Thy holy word.

2 We thank Thee, Father, that to Thee
Again we bend the lowly knee;
That here in peace and prayer we stand,
Upheld by an Almighty hand.

3 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
Keep us from sin and error free;
Thy Sabbaths may we so improve,
As best to win our Father's love.

4 So shall we then, when life shall end,
A nobler, holier, Sabbath spend, —
Where Thy good children all shall be
Join'd in one family with Thee.

7 s. M.

24.

"Come unto me, hear, and your soul shall live."

1 Hear ye not a voice from heaven
To the listening spirit given?
"Children, come!" it seems to say,
"Give your hearts to me to-day."

2 We will give our hearts to Thee
While from pains and sorrows free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

3 Father! now to Thee we come,
In our morning's early bloom;
Breathe on us Thy grace divine, —
Touch our hearts, and make them Thine.

L. M. **25.** J. TAYLOR.

"O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

1 WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear His word and sing His love,
To offer praises here below,
With all the saints in heaven above, —

2 Our God is present with us there,
And watches all our thoughts and ways:
O! let us humbly join in prayer,
Let us sincerely sing His praise.

3 O! may we never thoughtless go,
Nor lose the days our God has given;
But learn by Sabbaths spent below,
To spend eternity in heaven.

PRAISE.

C. M. **26.** PATRICK.

"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God Almighty! which was, and is, and is to come."

1 O GOD! we praise Thee, and confess,
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To Thee all angels cry aloud,
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey!
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway."

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord! confesses Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

7 & 6 s. M.

27.

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints shall bless Thee."

1 O Lord! while angels praise Thee,
And all creation sings,
To Thee, Almighty Spirit!
My soul its tribute brings.

2 The morning stars all praise Thee,
The heavenly host on high,
The beams of early dawning,
And purple evening sky: —

3 The fragrant springing flowers,
The summer's glowing rays,
The golden fruits of autumn,
And winter's frozen days.

4 With pleasure Thou dost listen,
To hear an infant sing:
Thou wilt accept the praises
That little children bring.

5 To Thee I give my being;
I consecrate my days:
And every day my duty
Shall be to sing Thy praise.

28.

7 s. M. GASKELL.

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort."

1 FATHER! glory be to Thee,
Source of all the good we see!
Glory for the blessed light
Rising on the ancient night!

2 Glory for the hopes that come
Streaming through the dreary tomb!
Glory for the counsel given,
Guiding us in peace to heaven!

29.

8 s. M. HOGG.

"The glory of the Lord shall endure forever."

1 LAUDED be Thy name forever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver!
Thou who slumber'st not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest!
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock and river,
Blessed be Thy name forever.

2 God of evening's yellow ray!
God of yonder dawning day,
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings from eternity!
Thine the flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night.
God of life, that fade shall never,
Glory to Thy name forever.

C. M. **30.** WATTS.

"O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise."

1 NOT angels, that stand round the Lord,
Can search His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

2 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring:
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

3 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys;
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

L. M. **31.** WATTS.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise to put to shame Thine adversaries."

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth Thy name is spread;
And Thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens Thy hands have made.

2 To Thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise;
And babes with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of Thy praise.

3 Children amidst Thy temples throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

32.

L. M. WATTS.

"Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms."

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

33.

L. M. WATTS.

"Be Thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: let Thy glory be above all the earth."

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue!

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

BENEDICTION.

8, 7, & 4 s. M. **34.**

"God, even our own God, shall bless us."

1 Lord! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, Thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
Still support us,
While in duty's path we move.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

8 & 7 s. M. **35.** J. NEWTON.

"Grace, mercy and peace from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ."

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

7 s. M. **36.** J. NEWTON.

"It is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

1 Now may He who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in His sight,
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

S. M. **37.** MONTGOMERY.

"Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee."

1 WITHIN these walls be peace;
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
To an immortal crown.

GOD.

C. M. **38.** WATTS.

"Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? — or whither shall I flee from Thy presence."

1 God is a Spirit just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before His throne
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before Thy face,
And find acceptance there.

L. M. 39.

"Ye shall pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you."

1 God is so good that He will hear
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.

2 His own most holy book declares,
That, as a tender father will,
He listens to our lowly prayers,
And what we ask will grant us still.

3 He loves to hear a grateful tongue
Thank Him for all His mercies given;
And when on earth His praise is sung,
The cheerful notes are heard in heaven.

L. M. 40. Bowring.

"The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works."

1 Father and Friend! Thy light, Thy love,
Beaming through all Thy works, we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of Thee.

2 We think not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Power, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

3 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,—
Since Thou, their God, art every where,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

7 s. M. **41.** BOWRING.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

1 FATHER! Thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide;
Every hallowed wish and prayer
Has Thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is every thought of bliss,
Left by hours and days gone by;
Every hope Thine offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at Thy shrine;
These, — and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest, — all are Thine.

3 And for all, my hymns shall rise,
Daily to Thy gracious throne;
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn unwearied, — Righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude
There reposing all my care,
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed, and cheered, and counselled there.

L. M.

42.

"Lord, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble."

1 Great God! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I but a child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

2 Art Thou my Father? — Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

3 Art Thou my Father? — I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

4 Art Thou my Father? — Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

L. M.

43.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee."

1 Almighty God, by Thy great power,
I hail again the morning hour;
How fair the green fields meet my eyes!
How sweet the birds sing in the skies!

2 How fresh appear the hills and trees!
And oh! how pure the morning breeze!
I bless Thy love in all I see,
For, were not these things made for me?

3 Not me alone — for Thou hast given
Thy good to all beneath the heaven;
And I rejoice that others share
The gift, the blessing, and the prayer.

4 And though a child, and weak I be,
I yet may bend myself to Thee,
And join my feeble voice, to raise
A simple hymn of grateful praise.

C. M.

44.

"Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thy hand upon me."

1 Almighty God! Thy gracious power
On every hand I see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all my thoughts to Thee!

2 If, on the wings of morn, I speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there my footsteps lead,
Thy love my path surround.

3 Thy power is on the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,—
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God I see;
And all the blessings I receive,
Ceaseless proceed from Thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time
On Thee my hopes depend;
Through every age, in every clime,
My Father and my Friend!

C. M. 45. ADDISON.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

1 WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

C. M.

46.

"Thou openest Thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

1 We sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day!
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food,
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er we turn our eyes;
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies.

4 There's not a plant or flower below,
  But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
  By orders from Thy throne.

5 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
  Are subject to Thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
  But God is present there.

C. M. **47.** M. B.

"God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

1 JEHOVAH formed the solid earth
  From out chaotic gloom;
He waked a wondrous world to birth,
  And gave it radiant bloom.

2 Jehovah said: "Let there be light!"
  And far through boundless space,
The purple shades of fading night
  To glory yielded place.

3 The rushing waters filled their bounds —
  The land foundations gained —
Great planets wheeled their shining rounds,
  In circles fair maintained.

4 Grass, bud, and blossom decked the vale;
  Dark forests crowned the height —
Bright birds arose to tell the tale
  Of joy, of love, and light!

5 Then varied forms of life came forth,
And in the perfect plan,
Adorned with innocence and worth,
Awoke the soul of man.

6 That soul, Great God, create by Thee,
Shall sing in worlds above,
Through ages of eternity
The praises of Thy love.

C. M.

48.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created."

1 It was my heavenly Father's love
Brought every being forth;
He made the shining worlds above,
And every thing on earth.

2 Each lovely flower, the smallest fly,
The sea, the waterfall,
The bright green fields, the clear blue sky,—
'Tis God that made them all.

3 He gave me all my friends, and taught
My heart to love them well,
And He bestowed the power of thought,
And words my thoughts to tell.

4 My father and my mother dear, —
He is their Father too;
He bids me all their precepts hear,
And all they teach me, do.

5 God sees and hears me all the day,
And 'mid the darkest night;
He views me when I disobey,
And when I act aright.

6 He guards me with a parent's care
When I am all alone;
My hymns of praise, my humble prayer,
He hears them every one.

7 God hears what I am saying now:
Oh! what a wondrous thought!
My heavenly Father teach me how
To love Thee as I ought.

P. M. 49. MONTGOMERY.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake."

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest:
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;

Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

8 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
What, then, shall I ask of Thy providence more?

9 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

7s. M. 50. LAMPORT.

"The Lord is my shepherd."

1 As his flock the shepherd leads
Gently through the flowery meads,
Where, 'mid verdant landscapes, flow
Peaceful rivers, soft and slow:

2 So doth God conduct my feet
Where the tranquil waters meet;
Streams of life, that never fail,
Winding silent through the vale.

3 When I wander from his care
Lured by many a specious snare,
He pursues my devious track,
And in mercy brings me back.

4 Heavenly Shepherd; lead me still
Upward to Thy holy hill,
Where untainted breezes blow,
Where unwithering pastures grow.

C. M. **51.** DODDRIDGE.

"Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; Thou understandest my thought afar off."

1 To Thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before Thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

2 Each secret breath devotion breathes
Is vocal to Thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before Thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by Thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in Thy view through life I pass,
And in Thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

CHRIST.

C. M. **52.** PATRICK.

"There were shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flocks by night."

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign; —

4 " The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 " All glory be to God on high!
And to the earth be peace!
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease!"

L. M. **53.** LUTHER.

" And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

1 FROM heaven above to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.

2 To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

3 Welcome to earth, Thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What can we render, Lord, to Thee!

4 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

5 My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle-song—

6 Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

11 s. & 10 s. M. **54.** L. D. T.

"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

1 Night, set with solemn stars, her watch was keeping,
And darkness had not faded into dawn,
Eyes that had watched and waited long, were sleeping,
When Christ, the Saviour of the world, was born.

2 Hark! on the air the seraph-strain still lingers,
Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
According harp-strings swept by angel fingers,
Swell the full chorus, and the glad amen.

3 And now for us, another Christmas morning
Crimsons the east and floods the earth with light;—
Great Sun of Righteousness — O haste Thy dawning!
Rise on our darkness and dispel our night!

4 And now, while youth is ours, life's morning glory
Glows round our path, and flushes in our skies;
O, may we hear with faith Thy wondrous story,
And lift to heaven our loving, longing eyes.

5 Make us Thine own, this life is only dreaming —
Yet in our dreams we would be near to Thee;
Amid the shows of Time — the false and seeming,
We would look up to Thy Eternity.

C. M. 55. E. H. Sears.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the Highest; and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring, —
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

C. M. 56. DODDRIDGE.

"He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

7 & 6 s. M. 57. MONTGOMERY.

"He shall have dominion from sea to sea."

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 By such shall He be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, revered;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

4 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is — Love.

C. M. **58.** ENFIELD.

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps."

1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life,—
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O, may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

C. M. **59.** MRS. BARBAULD.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."

1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O, what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

C. M. **60.** DODDRIDGE.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

6 l. 7 s. **61.** ANGELUS.

"I am the good Shepherd; the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."

1 LOVING Shepherd, kind and true,
Wilt Thou not in pity come
To Thy lamb, as shepherds do?
Bear me in Thy bosom home,
Take me hence from earth's annoy
To Thy home of endless joy.

3 See how I have gone astray
In this earthly wilderness;
Come and take me hence away
To Thy flock who dwell in bliss,
And Thy glory, Lord, behold,
Safe within Thy heavenly fold.

4 O, Lord Jesus, let me not
'Mid the ravening wolves e'er fall,
Help me as a shepherd ought,
That I may escape them all:
Bear me homeward on Thy breast
To Thy fold of endless rest.

C. M. **62.** C. A. B.

"Children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."

1 Hosanna unto David's Son,
The Hebrew offspring cry:
Hosanna to the lowly One,
The Gentile youth reply.

2 Hosanna for His blessing given,
Sang such as felt His hand;
Hosanna, touched by Him from heaven,
Sings our still blessed band.

3 Bright with the face of God He shows
Our angels' guardian ranks;
Hosanna! — as to them He goes,
We greet Him with our thanks.

4 From East to West, in shrines of praise,
As in the courts above,
We children our hosannas raise;
He breathed for us such love!

5 Kingdom, of which He said we are,
Below or in the skies,
Come shine in glory thence afar,
Until our spirits rise!

L. M. **63.** WEISZEL.

"Rejoice . . . The Lord is at hand."

1 LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for Heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

3 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

7 s. M. **64.** ANGELUS.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

1 GREAT High-priest, who deign'dst to be
Once the sacrifice for me,
Take this living heart of mine,
Lay it on Thy holy shrine.

2 Slay in me the wayward will,
Earthly sense and passion kill,
Tear self-love from out my heart,
Though it cost me bitter smart.

3 So may God the Righteous brook
On my sacrifice to look;
In whose sight no gift has worth
Save a Christ-like life on earth.

6 l. 7 s. **65.** RIST.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!"

1 ALL ye Gentile lands awake!
Thou, O Salem, rise and shine!
See the dayspring o'er you break,
Heralding a morn divine,
Telling, God hath called to mind
Those who long in darkness pined.

2 Lo! the shadows flee away,
For our Light is come at length;
Brighter than all earthly day,
Source of being, light and strength!
Whoso on this Light would gaze
Must forsake his evil ways.

3 Thy arising, Lord, shall fill
All my thoughts in sorrow's hour;
Thy arising, Lord, shall still
All my dread of death's dark power;
Through my smiles and through my tears
Still Thy light, O Lord, appears.

4 Let me, Lord, in peace depart
From this evil world to Thee,
Where Thyself sole Brightness art,
Thou hast kept a place for me:
In the shining city there
Crowns of light Thy saints shall wear.

11 s. & 12 s. M. **66.** WHITTIER.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion."
"Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more."

1 BLEST land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
On the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

2 I tread where the TWELVE in their way-
faring trod;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN
OF GOD —
Where His blessing was heard, and His
lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored, and the
healing was wrought.

3 And what if my feet may not tread where
He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's
flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He
bowed him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden
of prayer,—

4 Yet loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is
near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent
here;
And the voice of Thy love is the same
even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's
brow.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

C. M. **67.** HEBER.

"Thou art my God: early will I seek Thee."

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

C. M. 68. GIBBONS.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

1 In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb;—

2 Remember thy Creator, God!
For Him thy powers employ;
Make Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blessed eternity.

C. M. 69. WATTS.

"When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

1 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners who grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our growing years,
And make our virtue strong.

4 To Thee, almighty God! to Thee
Our childhood we resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

L. M. **70.** CAWOOD.

"It came to pass, ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, and Samuel was laid down to sleep, that the Lord called Samuel."

1 IN Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

2 A voice unknown the stillness broke;
"Samuel"! it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose; he asked whence came the word;
From Eli? No,—it was the Lord.

3 Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

4 Speak, Lord! and, from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear:
Speak, Lord, to us; Thy servants hear.

C. M. **71.** MONTGOMERY.

"The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays."

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

7 & 6 s. M.

72.

"Pray without ceasing."

1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer:
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before His footstool fall;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love, who gave thee all.

C. M.

73.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father."

1 Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And O, accept my prayer,
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For Thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love Thee while I live.

C. M. 74. MRS. FOLLEN.

"Teach me to do Thy will."

1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One;
With filial love and trust to say,
"O God! thy will be done!"

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 O let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O teach my heart the blessèd way
To imitate Thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

C. M. 75. MISS WILLIAMS.

"Let all those that seek Thee rejoice and be glad in Thee."
"O God, Thou art my help and my deliverer."

1 WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear; —
That heart shall rest on Thee!

7 s. M.

76.

"I will that men pray everywhere."

1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness, in our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

L. M. 77. COWPER.

"Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool; what house will ye build me, or what is the place of my rest?"

1 O LORD! where'er Thy children meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

8 & 7 s. M. 78. H. S. W.

"Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us."

1 IN the hour of still devotion,
Lo, my Father's face I see
Can it be His recognition
Reaches downward unto me!

2 Wherefore 'mid this vast creation,
Rolling heavens and mighty sea,
Earth, with her immortal creatures,—
Wherefore should it come to me?

3 Few my years and full of error,
Even to this feeble sight;
Why should God, the Great Creator,
Light my darkness with His light?

4 Sunshine strikes the folded blossom,
Lo, it bursts a perfect flower:
So, O God, on Thee depending,
Waits my soul's expanding power.

5 Thine, O God, the spirit's breathing,
Thine, O God, its light of life;
Thou, our Rest upon life's ending,
Thou, our Strength through all its strife.

S. M. **79.** WATTS.

"That my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above.

4 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin,—
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

6 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

C. M. 80.

"Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly."

1 What if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty fields,—
I'll tarry in the sky?

2 What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

3 Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

4 Then let each child its influence give,
O Lord! to truth and Thee;
Then shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

L. M. 81. N. L F.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."
"Have ye never read: 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?'"

1 The children from the mothers' arms
Within the Saviour's arms were pressed;
Thus doubly screen'd from fears and harms,
Devoutly brought, divinely blessed.

2 The children in the temple cried
Hosannas to Messiah, King;
And He who blessed them justified
The homage which they sought to bring.

3 We all are children, Father! now,
All ignorant and of yesterday,
And orphan children, but that Thou
Our souls shalt on Thy bosom lay.

Lord! while with lowliest worship still
Our glad but solemn hymns we raise,
That ancient word to us fulfil,—
From feeblest lips "ordaining praise."

C. M. 82.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

1 Now that our journey's just begun,
Our road so little trod,
We'll come, before we further run,
And give ourselves to God.

2 What sorrows may our steps attend
We never can foretell;
But since we know God is our Friend,
We know that all is well.

3 Father! whatever grief or ill
For us may be in store,
Make us submissive to Thy will,
And we will ask no more.

C. M. 83. E. Peabody.

"Then Samuel answered, Speak; for Thy servant heareth."

1 In childhood's spring,—ah! blessed spring!
As flowers closed up at even
Unfold in morning's earliest beam,
The heart unfolds to heaven.

Ah! blessed child, that trustingly
Adores and loves and fears,
And to a Father's voice replies,
"Speak, Lord, Thy servant hears."

2 When youth shall come — most blessed youth!
If still the pure heart glows,
And in the world and word of God
Its Maker's language knows; —
If in the night and in the day,
Midst youthful joys or fears,
The trusting heart can answer still,
"Speak, Lord, Thy servant hears."

3 When age shall come — ah blessed age!
If in its lengthening shade,
When life grows faint, and earthly lights
Recede and sink and fade, —
Ah! blessed age! if then heaven's light
Dawn on the closing eye,
And Faith unto the call of God
Can answer, — "Here am I."

L. M. **84.** WATTS.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the season God has given
To fit us for the joys of heaven;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.

3 Then what our thoughts design to do,
Let us with all our might pursue;
And wisely every hour employ,
That faith and hope may turn to joy.

C. M. **85.** DODDRIDGE.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye; —

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

7 s. M. 6 l. **86.** SCHMOLCK.

"These all confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city."

1 HEAVENWARD doth our journey tend,
We are strangers here on earth,
Through the wilderness we wend
To the Canaan of our birth.
Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our native land.

2 Heavenward stretch, my soul, thy wings,
Heavenly nature canst thou claim,
There is naught of earthly things
Worthy to be all thy aim;
Every soul whom God inspires,
Back to Him, its Source, aspires.

3 Heavenward Death shall lead at last,
To the home where I would be,
All my sorrows overpast,
I shall triumph there with Thee,
Jesus who has gone before,
That we, too, might heavenward soar.

4 Heavenward! Heavenward! Only this
Is my watchword on the earth;
For the love of heavenly bliss
Counting all things little worth,
Heavenward all my being tends,
Till in heaven my journey ends.

S. M. **87.** C. WESLEY.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
The strict account to give:
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forsaken die.

8 & 7s. M. **88.** BONAR.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

1 SHALL this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard lie untilled?
Shall true joy pass by untasted,
And this soul remain unfilled?

2 Shall the God-given hours be scattered,
Like the leaves upon the plain?
Shall the blossoms lie unwatered
By the drops of heavenly rain?

3 Shall this heart still spend its treasures
On the things that fade and die;
Shall it court the hollow pleasures
Of bewildering vanity?

4 No, I was not born to trifle
Life away in dreams or sin!
No, I must not, dare not stifle
Longings such as these within!

7 s. M. 89. WINKLER.

"I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air."

1 STRIVE, when thou art called of God,
When He draws thee by His grace,
Strive to cast away the load
That would clog thee in the race!

2 Wrestle with strong prayers and cries,
Think no time too much to spend,
Though the night be passed in sighs,
Though all day thy voice ascend.

3 Art thou faithful? then oppose
Sin and wrong with all thy might;
Care not how the tempest blows,
Only care to win the fight.

4 Art thou faithful? Wake and watch,
Love with all thy heart Christ's ways,
Seek not transient ease to snatch,
Look not for reward or praise.

5 Soldiers of the Cross, be strong,
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
Daily conquering woe and wrong,
Till our King o'er earth shall reign!

L. M. **90.** ULRICH.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

1 O GOD, I long Thy light to see,
My God I hourly think on Thee;
O draw me up, nor hide Thy face,
But help me from Thy holy place.

2 Ah how shall I my freedom win?
How break this heavy yoke of sin?
My fainting spirit thirsts for Thee,
Come, Lord, to help and set me free.

3 Remember that I am Thy child,
Forgive what has my soul defiled,
Blot out my sins, that I may rise
Freely to Thee beyond the skies.

4 Oh take away whate'er has stood
Between me and the Highest Good;
I ask no better boon than this,
To find in God my only bliss.

L. M. **91.** L. J. H.

"And I saw a new heaven."

1 I used to think that yonder sky
Was God's own palace bright and high,
That winged angels, glittering fair,
Were ever singing praises there.

2 I looked for them in sunset skies,
I thought the stars were their bright eyes,
But I am glad that when I pray,
God's Heaven is not so far away.

3 I feel the soft and silent air,
And joy to know that God is there;
And when my heart to prayer is given,
I love to think that *that* is Heaven.

C. M. **92.**

"The kingdom of God is within you."

1 In Thee my powers, my treasures live,
To Thee my life must tend;
Giving Thyself, Thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

2 And wherefore should I seek above
The City in the sky?
Since firm in faith and deep in love
Its broad foundations lie!

3 Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised.

4 Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There — only there — is Heaven!

10 s. M. **93.** JONES VERY.

"God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son."

1 FATHER, there is no change to live with Thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within,
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend:
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not Thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, Thy child, might sleep in peace with Thee.

S. M. **94.** MONTGOMERY.

"One thing have I desired of the Lord; — that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord."

1 FOREVER with the Lord!
So, Father, let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 And then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

L. M. **95.** L. J. H.

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us."

1 WHY cannot I my Maker see?
Is He not always watching me?
I am His lamb, and in my fold
Shall I the Shepherd ne'er behold?

2 Why cannot I my Maker see?
He tends the flowers while watching me;
He gently lifts each slender stalk,
But doth not in the garden walk.

3 I look in vain, I cannot see
The Father God so kind to me,
And it will bless me, as I die,
To find at last that loving eye.

7 s. M. **96.** FURNESS.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live and learn to die?
Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?

2 Blessèd Father, gracious One,
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on Him;
From His precepts wisdom draw,
Make His life my solemn law.

4 Thus, in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die;—

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above; —
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

7 s. M. **97.** Rist.

"And Jesus saith unto them, Follow me. And they straightway left their nets, and followed Him."

1 Follow me, in me ye live,
What ye ask I freely give,
Only heed ye lest ye stray,
Follow me, the living way.

2 Follow me with all your hearts,
I will ward off sorrow's darts;
Learn from Christ, your Lord, to be
Rich in meek humility.

3 Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
So my course to run nor tire,
That my practised soul may prove
What Thy meekness, what Thy love.

4 Grant me here to trust Thy grace,
There with joy to see Thy face;
This, in time my portion be,
That, through all eternity.

C. M. 98. JUDD.

"I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

1 O SON of God! Thy children we;
Train us in holiness;
As Thou the Father's image bore,
Thine own on us impress.

2 O Word of God! Thy voice we hear,
And hail the truth divine;
To Thy commandments broad and pure,
Our hearts and ways incline.

3 O Love of God! we seek to dwell
In love, and God, and Thee;
The end of woes, the end of sins,
Shall love's perfection be.

7 s. M. 99.

"He that followeth me shall have the light of life."

1 WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to Thee?
Poor and low in my own eyes,
Only in Thy wisdom wise?

2 Only Thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by Thy light;
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So may I Thy spirit know,
Let it as it listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with Thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

8 & 7 s. M. **100.** BOWRING.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross a radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

L. M. **101.** L. J. H.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we also forgive those who trespass against us."

1 When in my heart rise angry thoughts,
And on my tongue are words unkind,
With what strong chains, by what blest art,
Shall I the wrathful spirit bind?

2 How shall I check the passion fierce
My youthful bosom finds so strong,
Which bids me utter words that pierce,
And seek to do my neighbor wrong?

3 O meek and peaceful Jesus! then
To Thee, to Thee my soul will turn;
I will look up from earth and men:
To copy Thee, my soul shall learn.

4 Remembering Thee, Thou gentle One,
How mildly Thou didst bear all wrong,
The sin of anger I shall shun,
Nor find my temper stubborn long.

5 A holy spell Thy name shall be,
The memory of Thy peaceful life;
And I will straightway think of Thee,
Whene'er my soul would rise in strife.

C. M.

102.

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

1 When, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise;
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore His injuries.

2 He was insulted every day,
Though all His words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed His heavenly mind.

3 Not all the wicked scoffs He heard
Against the truths He taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

4 And when upon the cross He bled,
With all His foes in view,
"Father, forgive their sins," He said,
"They know not what they do."

5 Dear Jesus, may I learn of Thee
My temper to amend;
And speak the pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

S. M.

103.

M. B.

"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

1 When, in the olive shade,
Christ knelt Him down to pray;
A wondrous splendor from above,
Fell radiant round His way.

2 Upon His heavy cross,
Effulgence soft came down;
And, 'mid the glory of its rays,
There beamed a heavenly crown.

3 O God, whene'er we walk
A dim and dreary way,
May we, like Jesus Christ our Lord,
For strength and guidance pray.

4 May we look up to Thee,
And as Thy light comes down,
May we, in love and faith, behold
Upon our cross, our crown.

S. M. **104.** BONAR.

"Lead me in the way everlasting."

1 THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best,
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to Thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

C. M. **105.** J. T. F

"It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

1 Thou who hast called our being here,
And given us souls to save,
Who taught us more of love than fear,
Of heaven than of the grave,—

2 To Thee in every mortal hour
With confidence we turn,
And feeling Thine abiding power,
Our hearts with rapture burn.

3 "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,"
May all Thy children say,
And thank Thee, Father, for Thy Son,
Who taught us how to pray.

S. M. **106.** Herbert.

"Do all to the glory of God."

1 Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee.

2 All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture — for Thy sake—
Will not grow bright and clean.

3 A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

4 This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

S. M. 107. KEBLE.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is His abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
God doth Himself impart,
And for His temple and His throne
Doth choose the pure in heart.

7 s. M. 6 l. 108. NEWTON.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart;
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone, —
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

7 s. M. **109.** MERRICK.

"O that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes."

1 BLEST Instructer, from Thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapped within my heart's disguise.

2 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by Thee;
To Thy all-observing eyes
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

3 While I thus Thy name adore,
And Thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow Thine ear;
God, my strength, propitious hear.

C. M. **110.** LOGAN.

"More to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

1 O, HAPPY is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

3 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

C. M. **111.** MRS. STEELE.

"Seek ye out of the book of the Lord and read."

1 FATHER of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines!

2 Here, springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O, may these heavenly pages be
Our ever fresh delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light!

C. M.

112.

"All scripture, given by inspiration of God, is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

1 Great God! with wonder and with praise
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power and grace
Shine brightest in Thy book.

2 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

3 Lord, from this Gospel may I draw,
The knowledge of Thy will;
Give me to understand Thy law,
And all that law fulfil.

4 Here would I learn how Christ has died,
To save my soul from sin;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Can give me peace within.

5 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read those wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

L. M. **113.** DODDRIDGE.

"All we, like sheep, have gone astray."

1 LORD, we have wandered from the way;
Like foolish sheep have gone astray;
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of their guard our souls bereft:

2 Exposed to want, exposed to harm,
Far from our gentle shepherd's arm:
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till Thou reveal the paths of peace.

3 O seek Thy thoughtless servants, Lord!
Nor let us quite forget Thy word;
Our erring souls do Thou restore,
And keep us, that we stray no more.

7 s. M. **114.** CONDER.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

1 DAY by day the manna fell:
O, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! my times are in Thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

5 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer!
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude!

7 s. M. **115.** BEAUMONT.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

1 As earth's pageant passes by,
Let reflection turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast;
There alone dwells solid rest.

2 That's a close immurèd tower,
Which can mock all hostile power;
To thyself a tenant be,
And inhabit safe and free.

3 Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a cleanly, sober mind,
Heaven itself full room doth find.

4 The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it; and may not man?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

7 & 6 s. M.

116.

"Why dost thou set at nought thy brother? For we shall all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ."

1 Have faith in man, thy brother,
Thy Heavenly Father's child;
And in thy judgment of his heart
Be merciful and mild.

2 Have faith in man, thy brother;
O, let not cold distrust
Nor mean suspicion come between
Thee and thy kindred dust!

3 Have love for man, thy brother,
Though lowly be his lot;
For by the mighty God in heaven,
He never is forgot.

4 O then, like God, be good to all,
As God is good to thee,
Have love for man, thy brother,
Wherever he may be.

C. M. **117.** MISS FLETCHER.

"Put on Charity, which is the bond of perfectness, and let the peace of God rule in your hearts."

1 THINK gently of the erring one!
O, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet!
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

2 Speak gently to the erring ones!
Thou yet mayst lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet may be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

C. M. **118.** PEABODY.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself."

1 WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

2 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

3 Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

4 Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

5 Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

C. M. **119.** SEARS.

"And there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

1 Ho, ye that rest beneath the Rock,
On pastures greenly growing,
Or roam at will, God's favored flock,
By waters gently flowing!

2 Hear ye upon the desert air
A voice of woe come crying!
While, cold upon the barren moor,
Christ's little lambs are dying.

3 See the great Shepherd bend and call,
From fields of light and glory, —
"Go, feed my lambs, and bring them all
From moor and mountain hoary!"

4 Ye little flock! the call obey;
And, from the desert dreary,
Lead those that faint along the way,
Or wander lost and weary.

L. M. **120.** WHITTIER.

"To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke."

1 O THOU, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with Thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day!

2 When from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father unto Thee,
Now let our humble prayer be given.

3 And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of Thy love shall hear; —

4 When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

C. M. **121.** H. MARTINEAU.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fails from their dying eyes.

2 God greets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made;
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

4 Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride;
Ye low! your shame and fear;
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

IMMORTALITY.

C. M. **122.** WATTS.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes; —

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

7 s. M. 6 l. **123.** SCHENK.

"Lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb."

1 WHO are those before God's throne,
What the crowned host I see?
As the sky with stars thick strown
Is their shining company:
Hallelujahs, hark, they sing,
Solemn praise to God they bring.

2 Who are those arrayed in light,
Clothed in righteousness divine,
Wearing robes most pure and white,
That unstained shall ever shine,
That can nevermore decay;
Whence came all this bright array?

3 They are those who hourly here
Served as priests before their Lord,
Offering up with gladsome cheer
Soul and body at His word.
Now within the Holy Place,
They behold Him face to face.

4 Cast my lot in earth and heaven
With Thy saints made like to Thee,
Let my bonds be also riven,
Make Thy child who loves Thee free;
Near the throne where Thou dost shine,
May a place at last be mine.

L. M. **124.** NORTON.

"His soul pleased the Lord; therefore hasted He to take him away."

1 O, STAY thy tears; for they are blest,
Whose days are past, whose toil is done;
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way;
But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
Streams downward from eternal day,
And casts a glory round the tomb.

4 Then stay thy tears; the blest above
Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
And sung a song of joy and love;
Then why should anguish reign on earth?

S. M. **125.** WILSON.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors."

1 I HEARD a voice from heaven
Say, "Blessed is the doom
Of those whose trust is in the Lord,
When sinking to the tomb!"

2 The holy spirit spake, —
And I the words repeat, —
"Blessed are they," — for, after toil,
To mortals rest is sweet.

C. M. **126.** WHITTIER.

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

1 ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path that reaches heaven.

2 Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
That He, whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home His child.

3 Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

4 Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

THE SEASONS.

7 s. M. **127.** J. NEWTON.

"From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God."

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the closing year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

2 Finished is probation's day,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer stay,
But how little none can know.

3 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;—

4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

5 Thanks, for mercies past, receive ;
Pardon for our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.

6 Bless Thy word to young and old ;
Fill our hearts with filial love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

7 s. M. **128.** FOLLEN.

"Lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth ; and the time of the singing of birds is come."

1 HAIL ! reviving, joyous spring,
Smiling through thy veil of showers !
Birds and brooks thy welcome sing :
Haste, and waken all thy flowers.

2 Hark ! a sweet pervading sound
From the breathing, moving earth :
Life is starting all around,
Sending joy and fragrance forth.

3 There is not a silent thing
In this joyous company :
Woods and hills and valleys ring
With a shout of jubilee.

4 Wake, my spirit ! art thou still ?
Senseless things have found a voice ;
Shall this throbbing heart be still
When all nature cries rejoice ?

5 Join the grateful, happy throng,
Cast each selfish care away;
Birds and brooks shall tune your song;
This is nature's holiday.

L. M. **129.** WHITTIER.

"Behold, a sower went out to sow."

1 Now is the seed-time; God alone
Beholds the end of what is sown;
Beyond our vision, weak and dim,
The harvest time is hid with Him.

2 Yet unforgotten where it lies,
The seed of generous sacrifice,
Though seeming on the desert cast,
Shall rise with bloom and fruit at last.

L. M. **130.**

"Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun."

1 GREAT God! at whose all-powerful call
At first arose this beauteous frame,
Thou bidd'st the seasons change, and all
The changing seasons speak Thy name.

2 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,
And light and genial heat conveys;
And while he leads the season on,
From Thee derives his quickening rays.

3 Around us from the teeming fields
Springs the rich grain, or purple vine;
At Thy command the summer yields
Its strengthening bread or cheering wine.

4 Indulgent God! from every part
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow:
We see; we taste; let every heart
With grateful love and duty glow.

8 & 7 s. M. **131.** HORNE.

"We all do fade as a leaf."

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground —
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound: —

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread, —
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

4 "Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
O receive our kindly warning, —
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

5 On the tree of life eternal,
Let our highest hopes be stayed
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

C. M. 132. WATTS.

"He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes; He casteth forth His ice like morsels; who can stand before His cold?"

1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

3 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

4 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

NATURE.

C. M. **133.** KEBLE.

"The invisible things of Him, clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

1 THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace;
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

5 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

6 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

7 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

7 s. M. **134.** HEBER.

"Consider the lilies of the field; — behold the fowls of the air."

1 Lo! the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessèd birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety:
Children, banish doubt and sorrow, —
God provideth for the morrow.

2 One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our earthly destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps His children lest they fall:
Pass we, then, in love and praise,
Trusting Him through all our days,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow, —
God provideth for the morow.

C. M. 135.

"He hath made every thing beautiful in its time."

1 THERE's not a dye that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or tints the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth;
There's not a cloud, or dark or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.

4 Then wake, my soul, and sing His name,
And all His praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

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E. E. Emma Frances Wiswell

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